Mary E. Manley.

March 1907.

£8.5D

"More Daisies"

Encore Songs for "The Daisy-Chain"

By

LIZA LEHMANN.

BOOSEY & Co. LONDON & NEW-YORK.

To my little Leslie.

More Daisies,

New

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD,

FOR

FOUR SOLO VOICES:

(Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Baritone or Bass)

With Pianoforte Accompaniment.

THE WORDS BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
M. BETHAM EDWARDS. W. B. RANDS,
J. H. EWING. HARRIET TROWBRIDGE.
AND
LORD HOUGHTON.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

LIZA LEHMANN.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

BOOSEY & Co.,
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
And 9, EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Copyright, 1902, by Boosey & Co.

(For the convenience of Concert-givers Messrs. Boosey and Co. have issued the complete set of words of "More Daisies" at 1d; but, so far as the Publishers are concerned, they have no objection to intending Concert-givers printing the words in their programmes.)

THE Contents of "More Daisies" make no claim to forming a Song-Cycle, or complete work. They were written with a view to supplying Singers, taking part in performances of "The Daisy-Chain," with a choice of little pieces in the same spirit, from which to choose a fresh "Daisy," instead of merely repeating, in the event of some number being encored. They are really "ENCORE SONGS FOR THE DAISY CHAIN."

LIZA LEHMANN.

INDEX.

		PAGE
I.	"Up into the Cherry Tree" (Quartette)	1
II.	"A Moral" (Good and Bad Children) (Song: Baritone or Bass)	12
III.	"For Good Luck" (Song: Soprano)	18
IV.	"Good-Night and Good-Morning" (Song: Contralto) ...	26
V.	"Every Night my Prayers I say" (Song: Tenor) ...	33
VI.	"In Dreamland" (Duet and Ensemble)	36
VII.	"The Cuckoo" (Song: Soprano)	42
VIII.	"Marching Song" (Baritone or Bass)	48
IX.	"My Shadow" (Song: Contralto)	54
X.	"The Captain" ("My Ship and I") (Song: Tenor) ...	60
XI.	"A Child's Prayer" (Quartette)	70

SUPPLEMENT.

XII.	"Fairy Chimes"	80

More Daisies.

I.—Up into the Cherry Tree

(Quartette.)

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;—
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,—
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,—

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into Fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

(*From "A Child's Garden of Verses."*)

R. L. Stevenson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

I.
Up into the Cherry Tree.

(Quartette.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Con moto vivace, ma non troppo allegro.

Soprano.
Contralto.
Tenor
Bass.
Piano.

f

very brightly.

f Up in - to the cher - ry tree

f Up in - to the cher - ry tree

f Up in - to the cher - ry tree

f Up in - to the cher - ry tree

Copyright 1902 by Boosey & Co

Who should climb but lit - tle me?

Who should climb but lit - tle me?

Who should climb but lit - tle me?

Who should climb but lit - tle me?

mf

I

mf

I

mf

I

mf

I

p

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

held the trunk with both my hands And look'd a - broad on

dim

leggiero.

fo - reign lands .....

fo - reign lands. .....

fo - reign lands. .....

fo - reign lands. .....

L. H.

p

* If the Quartette is sung at the proper tempo there should be just time to sing this group for the turn.

mp

I saw the next door gar - den lie, A_dorn'd with

mp

p

And ma - ny plea - sant

flowers, be - fore my eye,

p

pla - ces more That I had ne - ver seen be - fore

pp

I saw the dim-pling ri - ver pass And be the sky's blue

pp

look - ing - glass;—

mf cresc.

The dus - ty roads go up and down

mf cresc.

f

If

f

If

f

If

f

With peo - ple tramp - ing in - to town

If

f

I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther

pp subito.

I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther

pp subito.

I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther

pp subito.

I could find a high - er tree Far - ther and far - ther

pp subito.

I should see,–

I should see,–

I should see,–

I should see,–

p

mp e cresc.

To where the grown - up ri - ver slips

mp e cresc.

To where the grown - up ri - ver slips

mp e cresc.

To where the grown - up ri - ver slips

mp e cresc.

To where the grown - up ri - ver slips

mp e cresc.

cresc.

In - to the sea a - mong the ships,–

cresc.

In - to the sea a - mong the ships,–

cresc.

In - to the sea a - mong the ships,–

cresc.

In - to the sea a - mong the ships,–

cresc.

L.H.

ppp

To where the roads on ei_ther hand Lead

ppp

To where the roads on ei_ther hand Lead

ppp

To where the roads on ei_ther hand Lead

ppp

To where the roads on ei_ther hand Lead

ppp

f

on_ward in_to Fai_ry_land,..... Where

f

on_ward in_to Fai_ry_land,..... Where

f

on_ward in_to Fai_ry_land,..... Where

f

on_ward in_to Fai_ry_land,..... Where

f

all the chil - dren dine at five,

all the chil - dren dine at five,

all the chil - dren dine at five,

all the chil - dren dine at five,

con brio.

And all the play - things come a - -

con brio.

And all the play - things come a - -

con brio.

And all the play - things comé a - -

con brio.

And all the play - things come a - -

con brio.

*) *Only make a pause here if the high C is sung.*

- live!

- live!

- live!

- live!

L.H.

8

stretto.

8

8

II.—A Moral.

(GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN)

(Baritone or Bass.)

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,—
That was how, in ancient ages,—
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. Stevenson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

II.
A Moral.

(Good and Bad Children.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Copyright, 1902, by Boosey & Co?

p

You must still be bright and

p R.H.

p

qui - et, And con - tent with sim-ple di - et;

simply.

p

And re-main, through all be-wil-dring, In - no-cent and hon-est chil-dren.

cresc e ben legato.

p

un poco più cantabile.

dolce

Hap - py hearts and hap_py

R.H.

dolce.

un poco più cantabile.

un poco cresc.

fa - ces, Hap - py play in gras - sy pla - ces,

un poco cresc. *più cresc.*

più cresc. *(stately)*

That was how, in an - cient a - ges, Chil - dren grew to kings and

sa - - - - ges. *(with horror)* *mp cresc poco a poco.* But the un - kind and the un -

mp

8

(with disgust)

- ru - ly, And the sort who eat un - du - ly,

accel e sempre cresc.

They must nev-er hope for glo - ry–

f declamato.

Theirs is

accel e sempre cresc.

A

f

8

quite a dif - fer - ent sto - - - ry,

8 8

dim:
poco rall.

Theirs is quite a dif - fer - ent sto - - -

dim:

8 8

- - - ry!

a tempo.
K.H.

rall.

(*sotto voce impressively*)

Primo tempo.

pp

Cru - el chil - dren, cry - ing ba - bies, All grow up as geese and

Primo tempo.

pp

L.H.

ga - bies, Ha - ted, as their age in - crea - ses,

f

By their ne - phews— and their nie - ces.

f

sf

R.H.

fulminato rapido.

sf

III.—For Good Luck.

(Going a-Maying.)

(Soprano.)

Little Kings and Queens of the May,
If you want to be,
Every one of you, very good,
In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,
Where the little birds' heads get so turned with delight
That some of them sing all night:
Whatever you pluck,
Leave some for good luck!

Picked from the stalk or pulled by the root,
From overhead or from underfoot,
Water-wonders of pond or brook—
Wherever you look,
And whatever you find,
Leave something behind:
Some for the Naiads,
Some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and Pixies!

Little Kings and Queens of the May, &c.

(From "A First Poetry Book," M. A Woods.)

J. H. Ewing.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

III.

For Good Luck.

(Going a-Maying.)

Words by
J. H. EWING.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Allegretto leggiero.

Soprano

Piano.

L.H. *R.H.*

mf (brightly.)

con Ped.

mp (Lightly)

Lit - tle Kings and Queens of the May,

mp

If you want to be, Ev - 'ry one of you, ve - - ry

Copyright, 1902, by Boosey & Co

entusiastico

good, In that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful wood,.....

Where the lit - tle birds' heads get so

turn'd with de - light That some of them sing all night:.....

L.H.

colla voce.

What - ev - er you pluck, Leave

very distinctly.

some for good luck!

L.H. R.H.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

mf

Pick'd from the stalk or pull'd by the root, From ov-er-head or from

p

un-der-foot, Wa-ter-won-ders of pond or brook,

Where - ev-er you look, And what - ev-er you find,

Leave something be - hind:

p (grazioso.)

Some for the Na-iads,

Some for the Dry - ads,

p

And a

L.H.

R.H.

cresc.

bit for the Nix - ies and Pix - ies!

L.H.

L.R.

L.H.

8

Ah

L.H. R.H.

f giojoso.

Lit - tle Kings and Queens of the May,

f

8

p (*tr*) (*entusiastico*)

If you want to be, Ev-'ry one of you, ve - ry good, In that

p colla voce.

3 3 3

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful wood, Where the

* Shake optional.

lit-tle birds' heads get so turn'd with de-light That some of them sing all

or

L.H.

seguire la voce.

night:..... What - ev-er you pluck, Leave

very distinctly,
(but almost spoken.)

some..... for good

leggiero.

luck!

R.H.

L.H.

R.H.

accel leggierissimo.

IV.—Good-Night and Good Morning.

(Contralto.)

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying "caw! caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed,
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun."

Lord Houghton.

IV.

Good-night and Good-morning

Words by
LORD HOUGHTON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Moderato.

Contralto.

Piano.

p

A

mf

fair lit - tle girl sat un - der a tree, Sew-ing as long as her

p

eyes could see, Then smooth'd her work and fold - ed it right,And

Copyright 1902 by Boosey & Co.

said, "Dear work, good - night! good - night!"

Such a

num - ber of rooks flew ov - er her head, Cry - ing "caw! caw!" on their

way to bed, She said, as she watch'd their cu - ri - ous flight,

p

"Lit - tle black things, good - night! good - night!"

p

colla voce.

a tempo.

mf

The

tall pink fox - glove bowed his head, The vi - o - let

mf

L. H.

L. H.

un poco

curt - sied and went to bed, And

ritenuto.

good lit - tle Lu - cy tied up her hair, And said on her knees her

fa - vour - ite pray'r.

("There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A -

p a tempo ma dolce.

- bove the bright blue sky."—)

And while on her pil - low she

poco rall. *a tempo e cresc sino alla fine.*

soft - ly lay, She knew no - thing more till a - -

colla voce. *a tempo e cresc sino alla fine.*

cresc molto.

-gain it was day, And all things said to the

beau - ti - ful sun, "Good - morn - ing! good - morn - ing! our

work is be - gun."

V.—Every Night my Prayers I say.

(Tenor.)

Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure,—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

(*From "A Child's Garden of Verses."*)

R. L. Stevenson.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.*)

V.

Every Night my Prayers I say.

(System.)

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Lento tranquillo.

(sostenuto but very simply.)

Tenor. *p*

Ev - 'ry night my

Piano. *p* *sostenuto assai.*

con. Ped.

pray'rs I say, And get my din - ner ev - 'ry day; And

poco cresc.

ev - 'ry day that I've been good I get an or - ange af - ter

Copyright, 1902, by Boosey & Co.

food. The child that is not clean and neat, With

lots of toys and things to eat, He is a naugh-ty

child, I'm sure, Or else his dear Pa-pa is

poor.

VI.—In Dreamland.

(Duet and Ensemble.)

"Oh, tell me pretty Alice, oh tell me, I pray—
Where have you wandered this mid-summer day?"

"I have been travelling in a far-away land,"
Pretty Alice replied, with a wave of her hand.

"But I see no dust on your white silken hose,
And your gown is as fresh as the wild pink rose."

"In that far-away country all highways are clean
As the silvery sands, and all valleys are green."

"But your step is so light and so merry your smile,
How can you have travelled so many a mile?"

"The brooks they have help'd me, the birds with their wings
The bees and the blossoms and numberless things."

All {"The brooks they have helped her, the birds with their wings,
The bees and the blossoms and numberless things."

Harriet Trowbridge.

VI.

In Dreamland.

(Duet & Ensemble.)

Words by
HARRIET TROWBRIDGE.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Andantino un poco mosso.

Soprano.

Baritone.

p

"Oh tell me, pret-ty Al - ice, oh

Piano.

mp

p

(*Softly & dreamily*)

"Oh

calando.

tell me, I pray,- Where have you wan-der'd this mid - summer day?"

calando.

Copyright 1902 by Boosey & Co.

I have been tra-vel-ling in a far - a - way land," Pret - ty

dolce.

Al - ice re - plied, with a wave of her hand.

"But I see no dust on your white silk - en hose, And your

a tempo.
p *(dreamily, but a little brighter than before.)*

calando.

"In that far - a-way coun - try all

gown is as fresh as a wild pink rose!"

calando.

p

high - ways are clean As the sil - ve - ry sands, and all

val-leys are green!"

cresc:

"But your

cresc:

step is so light and so mer - ry your smile, How

(always dreamily.)

pp

calando.

"The

can you have tra - vell'd so ma - ny a mile?"

calando.

rall.

cresc.

brooks they have help'd me, the birds with their wings, The bees and the blossoms and

dolce.

rall:

cresc.

S. *f* *a tempo.*

num - ber - less things"

C. *pp*

"The brooks they have help'd her, the birds with their wings. The

T. *pp*

"The brooks they have help'd her, the birds with their wings. The

B. ❊ *pp*

"The brooks they have help'd her, the birds with their wings, The

f colla voce. *pp* *a tempo.*

dim - e - rall. *ppp*

Ah!

dim *ppp* *a tempo.*

bees and the blos - soms and num - ber - less things!"

dim *ppp* *a tempo.*

bees and the blos - soms and num - ber - less things!"

dim

bees and the blos - soms and num - ber - less things!"

L.H. *dim.* *colla voce.* *ppp* *a tempo*

❊ If this number is ever sung as a Duet by Sop^r and Baritone alone, the Baritone should from here sing the Cont^r part instead of his own.

VII.—The Cuckoo.

(Soprano.)

The Cuckoo sat in the old pear-tree.
"Cuckoo!"
Raining or snowing, naught cared he.
"Cuckoo!"

The Cuckoo flew over a house-top nigh.
"Cuckoo!
Dear, are you at home, for here am I?
Cuckoo!"

"I dare not open the door to you,
Cuckoo!
Perhaps you are not the *right* Cuckoo.
Cuckoo!"

"I *am* the right Cuckoo, the *proper* one;
Cuckoo!
For I am my father's only son.
Cuckoo!"

"If you are your father's only son—
Cuckoo!—
The bobbin pull tightly,
Come through the door lightly,—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

(*From Lilliput Lyrics.*)

W. B. Rands.

(*By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.*)

VII.
The Cuckoo.

Words by
W. B. RANDS.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Moderato più tosto mosso.

Soprano.

vivaciously.

Piano.

f

con. Ped.

mf

The Cuc - koo sat in the

mf

old pear - tree. "Cuc - koo!"

Copyright, 1902 by Boosey & Co

Rain - ing or snow - ing, naught cared he. "Cuc - koo!"

The Cuc - koo flew o - ver a house - top nigh.

"Cuc - koo!" "Dear, are you at home, for

here am I? Cuc - koo!"

Minor.
slower **pp**

"I dare not o - pen the door to you, Cuc - koo!.....

pp

a tempo.
pp *(timidly)*

pp *a tempo.*

a tempo.
(frightened.)

Per - haps you are not the *right* Cuc - koo. Cuc -

- koo!" .....

Primo tempo.
Major
f

"I *am* the right Cuc-koo, the

Primo tempo.

pp *a tempo.*

f

proper one; ..... Cuc - koo!

For I am my fa - ther's

(proudly)

on - - ly son. Cuc - koo!"

(Minor.)

pp coyly. again slower.

"If you are your fa - ther's on - ly son,

quasi tempo.
(keeping up the suspense.)

Cuckoo!-

(Major.)
a tempo.
cresc.

The

quasi.
a tempo.

cresc.
a tempo.

molto cresc:

bob-bin pull tight - ly, Come thro' the door light - - ly,- Cuc-

(gaily.)

molto cresc:

colla voce.

(joyously.)

- koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuckoo! Cuc - koo!"

sempre cresc. con brio.

f con brio.

VIII.—MARCHING SONG.

(BARITONE OR BASS.)

BRING the comb and play upon it,
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Fleet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

(*From "A Child's Garden of Verses."*)

R. L. STEVENSON.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.*)

VIII.

Marching Song.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Tempo di marcia.

Baritone.

Piano.

f

con. Ped.

mf molto marcato.

Bring the comb and play up - on it, March - ing here we come!

mf

Copyright, 1902, by Boosey & Co

Wil-lie cocks his high-land bon-net, John-nie beats the drum.

Ped.

Ma-ry Jane commands the par-ty, Pe-ter leads the rear;

Fleet in time, a-lert and hear-ty, Each a gren-a-dier!

f

mp

All in the most mar - tial man-ner March - ing dou-ble - quick;

mp

While the nap - kin like a ban - ner Waves up - on a stick!

ad lib in modo di Recit.

f

Here's e-nough of fame and

cresc accell.

f

pil - lage, Great command - er Jane!

mf **Primo tempo.**

Now that we've been round the vil-lage, Let's go

mf **Primo tempo.**

ad lib: *a tempo.*

home a - gain.

These 4 bars can be omitted.

a tempo.

cotta voce.

sf *R.H.*

IX.—My Shadow.

(Contralto.)

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

. . . . . .

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. Stevenson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

IX.

My Shadow.

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Moderato quasi Allegretto.

Contralto

Piano.

mp

L.H.

con Ped.

mp

I have a lit - tle sha - dow that goes in and out with me,..... And.....

Copyright, 1902 by Boosey & Co.

what can be the use of him is more than I can

see ..... He is ve - ry, ve - ry like me from the

heels up to the head; And I see him jump be -

accell.

- fore me, when I jump in - to my bed. .....

accell.

Scherzando.

p

The fun - niest thing a - bout him is the way he likes to

p *L. H.*

grow,— Not at all like pro-per chil - dren, which is

lunga. *rall.* *p a tempo.*

al - ways ve - ry slow; He some - times shoots up

p *a tempo.*

poco. *accell.* *pp*

tall - er, like an In - dia-rub - ber ball, And he

8

poco. *accell.* *sf*

tempo.

some - - times gets so lit - tle that there's

pp

ppp

none of him at all.

L. H.

ppp

Cantabile.

mf much slower

One morn - ing, ve - ry ear - - ly, be -

mf

Cantabile.

R. H

- fore the sun was up, I rose and found the

shin - ing dew on ev - 'ry but - ter - - cup; But my

f lunga. *a tempo.* *L.H.* *a tempo.* *f*

la - zy lit - tle sha - dow, like an ar - rant sleep - y-

-head,..... Had stay'd at home be - hind me, And was

p *pp* *L.H.* *p*

fast a - sleep in bed.

pp

X.—The Captain. (my ship and I.)

(Tenor.)

Oh it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older I shall find the secret out—
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water when the jolly breezes blow,
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

Oh it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor I'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses.")

R. L. Stevenson.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

X.
The Captain.

("My Ship and I")

Words by
R. L. STEVENSON.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Copyright, 1902 by Boosey & Co

ship that goes a - sail - ing on the pond; And my

ship it keeps a - turn-ing and a - turn- ing all a - bout; But when

I'm a lit - tle old - er I shall find the se - cret out, How to

send my ves - sel sail - ing on be - yond

Yes, when I'm a lit - tle old - er I shall

find the se - cret out,- How to send my ves - sel sail - ing on be -

yond.

mf

For I

mean to grow as lit - tle as the dol - ly at the helm, And the

(with bravado)

dol - ly I in - tend to come a - live; And with

him be - side to help me, it's a - sail - ing I shall go, It's a -

sail - ing on the wa-ter when the jol - ly bree - zes blow, And the

r *f*

ves - sel goes a div - ie - div - ie - dive!

mp

It's a -

mp

- sail - ing on the wa - ter when the jol - ly bree - zes blow, And the

ves - sel goes a div - ie - div - ie - dive.

Oh it's

then you'll see me sail - ing thro' the rush-es and the reeds, And you'll

pp

hear the wa-ter sing - ing at the prow; For be -

- side the dol - ly sail - or, I'm to voy-age and ex - plore, To

land up - on the is - land where no dol - ly was be-fore, And to

r *f*

fire the pen - ny can-non in the bow

I shall

land up - on the is - land where no dol - ly was be-fore, And I'll

ff *con brio*

fire the pen - ny can-non in the bow!

ff

XI.—A Child's Prayer.

(Quartette.)

God make my life a little light,
  Within the world to glow—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
  Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
  That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
  Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
  That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
  And makes the singer glad.

M. Betham-Edwards.

XI.

A Child's Prayer.

(Quartette.)

Words by
M. BETHAM EDWARDS

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Ritenuto e dolcissimo.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Piano. *pp*

pp dolcissimo.

God make my life a lit - tle light,

pp dolcissimo.

God make my life a lit - tle light,

pp dolcissimo.

God make my life a lit - tle light,

pp dolcissimo.

God make my life a lit - tle

(The small notes to be played for practising only.)

Copyright 1902 by Boosey & Co

With - in the world to

With - - - in the world to

With - in the world to

light, With - - in the world to

glow, A ti - ny

glow, A ti - ny

glow, A ti - ny

glow, A ti - ny

pp

flame that burn - eth bright,

flame that burn - eth bright, Where - -

flame that burn - eth bright,

flame that burn - eth bright, Where - -

Wher - ev - er I may go

- e - - ver I may go

Wher - ev - er I may go

- ev - er I may go

pp

poco cresc.

God make my life a lit - tle flow - -

God make my life a lit - tle flow - -

God make my life a lit - tle flow - -

God make my life a lit - tle flow - -

pp

- - er, That bring - eth joy to

- - er, That bring - eth joy to

- - er, That bring - eth joy to

- - er, That bring - eth joy to

all, Con - - tent to

all, Con - - tent to

all, Con - - tent to

all, Con - - tent to

pp

poco cresc:

bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,

poco cresc:

bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,

poco cresc:

bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,

poco cresc:

bloom in na - tive bow - - - er,

pp

p

Al - though its place be small

Al - though its place be small

Al - though its place be small

Al - though its place be small

pp

pp

ppp

God make my life a lit - tle song,

ppp

God make my life a lit - tle song, That

ppp

God make my life a lit - tle song,

ppp

God make my life a lit - tle song, That

ppp

That com-fort - eth the sad, cresc.

com - fort - eth the sad, That cresc.

That com-fort - eth the sad, cresc.

com - fort - eth the sad, That cresc.

cresc.

That help-eth oth-ers to be strong, molto cresc.

help - eth oth-ers to be strong, molto cresc.

That help-eth oth - ers to be strong, molto cresc.

help - - eth oth - - ers to be strong, molto cresc.

And makes the sing - er glad

And makes the sing - er glad, And

And makes the sing - er glad, And

And makes the sing - er glad

makes the sing - er glad.

makes the sing - er glad.

rall.

SUPPLEMENT.*

XII.—Fairy Chimes.

(For any Voice.)

You cannot count the blue-bells
  That are upon the heath,—
The ferns are tall and stately,
  The bells hang underneath;
But I can count the tassels
  As big as flowers of clover
That hang on baby's curtain,
  The curtain that hangs over.

And when I rock the cradle
  The tassels swing and swing,
And they make fairy music,
  And baby hears them ring:
Ding-dong in the morning,
  And in the evening, too,
Rhyme, chime, in fairy-time,
  Baby, dear, for you.

(*From Lilliput Lyrics.*)

W. B. Rands.

(*By kind permission of Mr. John Lane.*)

*Not to be included if the entire contents of "More Daisies" are performed. End with Quartette.

XII.

*SUPPLEMENT

Fairy Chimes.

(FOR ANY VOICE.)

Words by
W. B. RANDS.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

* Not to be included if the entire contents of "More Daisies" are performed together. End with previous Quartette.

Copyright 1902 by Boosey & Co

ferns are tall and state - ly, The bells hang un-der-neath; But

I can count the tas-sels, As big as flow'rs of clo - ver, That

poco rall. *a tempo.*

hang on ba-by's cur - tain, The cur-tain that hangs o - ver.

colla voce. *a tempo.*

p

And

when I rock the cra - dle The tas - sels swing and swing, And

pp

they make fai - ry mu - sic, And ba - by hears them ring:

poco cresc

poco rall

Ding - dong in the morn - ing,

And in the eve_ning too,

poco cresc

colla voce

OPPURE.

pp

Ba - - by dear, for you!

pp

a tempo.

a tempo

poco rall

Rhyme, chime, in fai - ry time,

Ba - by dear, for you!

a tempo

colla voce

a tempo

a tempo

ALBUMS OF SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS.

TWELVE BALLADS FOR BAIRNS,
Composed by ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.
The Words by W. ALLINGHAM, EUGENE FIELD, and others.
With an Original Frontispiece by ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.
PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER; 7s. 6d. CLOTH GILT.

TWELVE HUSH SONGS,
Composed by ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.
The Words by EUGENE FIELD, FRANCIS A. FAHY, and others.
With an Original Illustration by ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.
PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER; 7s. 6d. CLOTH GILT.

SEA PICTURES,
Cycle of Five Songs by EDWARD ELGAR.
The Words by Mrs. BROWNING, The Hon. RODEN NOEL, and others.
PRICE 4s., PAPER COVER.

THE DAISY CHAIN.
Cycle of Twelve Songs of Childhood.
Composed by LIZA LEHMANN.
(EIGHT SOLOS AND FOUR QUARTETS, FOR FOUR SOLO VOICES.)
The Words by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA, and others.
PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER.

TWELVE SONGS
Composed by RICHARD H. WALTHEW,
With Words by SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, and others.
PRICE 4s., PAPER COVER.

TWELVE SONGS BY ARTHUR FOOTE,
Words by BURNS, ROBERT HERRICK, BARRY CORNWALL, and others.
PRICE 3s., PAPER COVER.

SEVEN OLD ENGLISH LYRICS
SET TO MUSIC BY
SAMUEL LIDDLE.
PRICE 4s., PAPER COVER.

OLD ENGLISH MELODIES,
WORDS AND MUSIC ARRANGED BY
H. LANE WILSON.
PRICE 4s., PAPER COVER.

SIX GREEK LOVE SONGS,
Composed by AMY ELISE HORROCKS.
Words from the Greek by ANDREW LANG, ALMA STRETTELL, and W. M. HARDINGE.
PRICE 4s., PAPER COVER.

IN MEMORIAM,
Book of Ten Songs
By JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.
PRICE 4s., PAPER COVER; 6s., CLOTH GILT.

CYCLE OF SONGS FROM TENNYSON'S "MAUD,"
Set to Music by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.
PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER.

RUSSIAN SONGS (Three Volumes).
COLLECTED AND ARRANGED WITH ENGLISH WORDS BY
FRED J. WHISHAW,
Including Compositions by TSCHAIKOWSKY, VON STUTZMAN, and others
PRICE 2s. 6d. EACH, PAPER COVER.

BOOSEY & CO., LONDON & NEW YORK.